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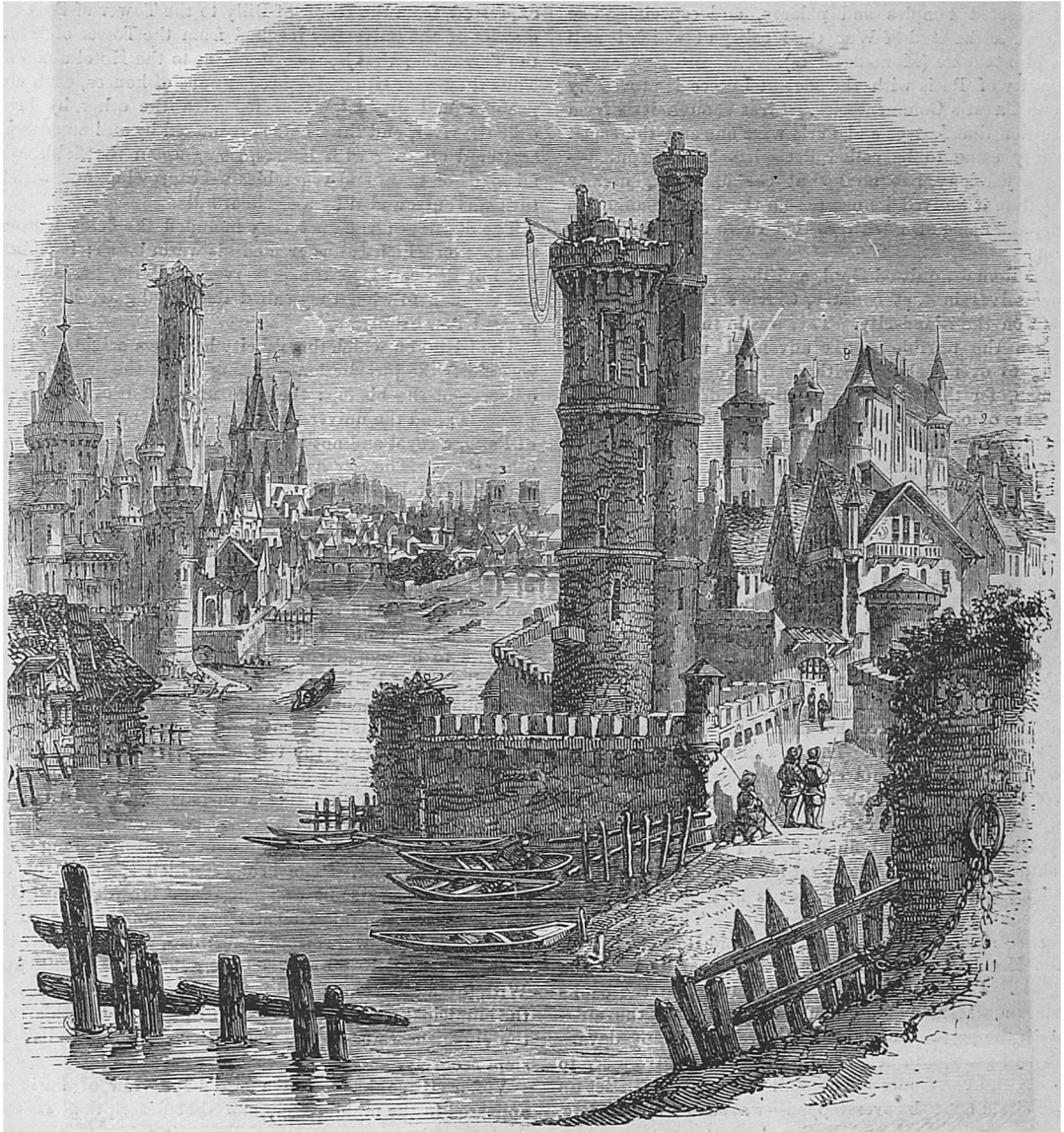
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## PARIS: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

We now present a sketch of the city of Paris—past and present. The pen and the pencil have both been employed, and we trust not in vain. There is something remarkably interesting about these old European cities, which fully repays a trip across the Atlantic. More or less they seem to belong to ourselves. More solemn and awe-inspiring are the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; but between us and them there is a gulf: our fathers never trod their streets—our history is totally unconnected with theirs. Not so with Paris and

stream rolls its obstructed waters around a thickly-wooded island; the air is filled with noxious vapours, and the cry of the bittern alone disturbs the silence. Trees, close clustering together, spread their gnarled arms over the stream; reeds and rushes spring upward on the margin; there is no sign of life or civilisation. Stop: among the tangled brushwood, but in a space uncovered by the trees, there is a stone—a strange, rough, unhewn stone—on which here and there lichens have found lodgment, and creeping plants have trailed. That is a



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PARIS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. Tower of Nesle. 2. The Prison of the Bastille. 3. Cathedral of Notre Dame. 4. Tower of the Temple. 5. Tower of St James la Boucherie. 6. Little Châtelet. 7. Clock Tower of Paris. 8. Grand Châtelet. 9. Thermes of Julien.

London. A short time since we wandered over the former city, gazed on its noble structures old and new, noticed the traces of destruction imprinted on the ancient edifices, and what we saw and felt suggested what follows. Paris is rich in historic associations, as it is rich in architectural embellishments; there are stories in its casements and sermons in its stones. We begin at the beginning—a beginning not quite so remote as the flood, but two thousand years or more ago.

Two thousand years ago! What do we see? A turbid

Druid's stone; and at the dead of night, in white robes and with sacred knives, come the Druids to offer up in sacrifice a man to God.

But Druidical sway is soon to end. The Roman eagle, lord of all the fowls of the air, has pounced on lesser birds of prey than that of Gaul; but Gaul cannot escape—Gaul must succumb, and, like the other nations of the earth, have no king but Cæsar.

The Gauls began to build a city on the old island, but it

was a miserable place; miserable, however, as it might be, it was the cradle of the French metropolis; and now, when Roman prowess had subdued opposition, Roman ingenuity was exerted to make the city of the island a creditable spot. The axe of the woodsman rang in the forest to good purpose, the prairie became not a fruitful field but a peopled city, and under the name of Lutece became famous all over France. Cæsar made this city a formidable place, and erected strong ramparts to defend it from hostile attack.

And not only was Lutece well defended; it was embellished and adorned with all that Roman taste and genius could suggest, or Roman ingenuity accomplish. With the blocks of stone extracted from the quarries they sculptured the gods of Olympus, erected temples and palaces, and especially one sacred edifice to the God of War, the locality of which is still known as Montmartre (Mont-de-Mars).

The identity of Paris with the ancient Lutece is proved by reference to Cæsar's Commentaries. Clear enough it is from his description that Lutece and Paris were one and the same. How the city came to be called Paris has been disputed—and what etymology has not?—but the opinion generally received is that it derived its name from the Belgic emigrants who, under the name of Parisii, settled there shortly after its foundation.

When the Romans quitted Gaul, and the Franks had established themselves in that country, Clovis set up his seat of government on the island-city. This was in the year of grace 509. When the terrible Attila advanced upon the city, threatening to overwhelm it with destruction, there was no help in man, for the city was but ill-provided with troops, and the tears of old men, and the cries of children, and the shrieks of despairing mothers, seemed a fitting prelude to the terrible tragedy which was soon to take place. But—so goes the legend—there was one in the city more powerful than Attila with all his arms: holy Genevieve—poor simple woman as she was—prayed, and her prayers saved the city, and turned back the "Scourge of God.

For some centuries Paris remained without any material enlargement or improvement. There were two bridges, one at the north, and one at the south, with *têtes des ponts*, being indeed both gates and fortresses: on the right bank was the *Grand Châtelet*, and on the left the *Petit Châtelet*. But during the reign of her first kings she found the island too small; for her population, her commerce, her manufactures were increasing; so she crossed the water. Then a wall was erected, a high, strong wall with battlements and towers, which enclosed a portion of the country on either side of the Seine. In those days there stood hard by the cathedral—which, by the way, was begun by Charlemagne and finished by Philip Augustus—a Roman church, afterwards a hospital for the sick; and not far from the spot where the flower-market is now held, there was a sombre-looking prison for the condemned. The world does not change so much as we suppose. That old Roman hospital is now the Hotel Dieu, and the prison for the condemned, the Conciergerie. Picturesque were the dwellings on the banks of the stream, fresh, and cheerful, and healthful the air—loaded with the perfume of fields and gardens—happy days—but cities will grow, and fields and gardens must give place to busy streets and carrefours. The wall which had been set up—a magic circle not to be overstepped—was soon found useless, the city outgrew its band, and Philip Augustus set up a new circular chain, with stronger masonry, and higher towers than its predecessor. Paris was thus, as it were, imprisoned. The old city was still the same, like a stately ship at anchor—connected with its younger branches by the bridges which spanned the stream; but those younger branches were fast extending, and houses and churches pressed against the walls and jostled one another within that boundary line of stone. Closer and closer grew the houses, the builders contriving to build them higher and higher, but all in vain; every inch of ground was occupied, and at last they bounded over the line and went straggling out into the country, there to sit them down at ease and cut gardens from the adjacent fields. Charles V. built another wall which shared the same fate as

its predecessors, they could not stop the growth of the city, it was rapidly becoming colossal; France was in danger of becoming a monster with a head too large for its body. In the time of Louis XI., Paris contained three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Paris was at that period divided into three distinct parts: the city, the university, the ville. The city was celebrated for its churches, the ville for its palaces, and the university for its colleges. The city was the oldest, and occupied the island—the mother of the others, "like a little old woman between two handsome daughters." On the right bank of the Seine was the ville, extending, in modern parlance, from the Grierer d'Abondance to the Tuileries; or, as it was then expressed, from the Tower of Billy to the Tower of Bois. The district of the university reached from the Tower of Nesle to the Torrmelle; that is, from the Mint to the Hotel aux Vieux. Thus they were situated—three clumps of houses, each clump peculiar and distinct, connected with the other by bridges over the river, and the whole surrounded by an immense plain scattered all over with houses, rising up in the fields, where all kinds of grain and vegetables were growing, and which in turn was surrounded by a circle of hills.

The district of the university included the fields famous as the spot on which Julius erected his warm baths; it embraced the hill dedicated to the preserver of Paris, St. Genevieve, and reached to what they called the Papal gate, hard by the present Pantheon.

The island on which the old city had been originally erected was under the jurisdiction—putting out of the question minor officers—of the bishop; the ville under that of the merchant provosts; and the university under the rector. "The provost of Paris, a royal and not municipal officer, was superior to the other three. The city had Notre Dame; the ville, the Louvre and the Hotel de Ville; the university, the Sorbonne. The ville had the Halles, the city the Hotel Dieu, and the university the Pré-aux-clercs. Offences committed by the students at the Pré-aux-clercs, were judged in the island at the palace of Justice, and punishment inflicted at the right bank at Montfaucon—if the rector, finding the king weak and the scholars strong, did not interfere; for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged in their own district if they chose." Each division of Paris had its own peculiar characteristics, and presented physiognomy, manners, customs, privileges, and history, totally distinct. When the spectator looked down from an eminence on the trio of towns—the University, the City, and the Ville—he beheld a huge mass of streets interwoven with one another like a curious piece of needlework, with architectural adornments, perfectly homogeneous in their character, presenting on every hand the distinguishing features of the middle ages. The bridges which spanned the river, some of wood and some of stone, were crowded with Gothic dwellings, whose projecting stories overhung the stream; the gates of the city were strongly fortified, and with their heavy doors and massive portcullis bade defiance to hostile attack. With these gates closed and iron chains across the streets, and the municipal watch marching the ill-paved thoroughfares, and the sluggish water of the moat encircling the walls—Paris slept securely.

Victor Hugo has given a bird's-eye view of Paris as it appeared in the middle ages, and that description we cannot do better than present, especially as it refers to that epoch which is indicated in our engraving:—

"The breathless spectator was dazzled or amazed by the mighty mass of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, and steeples that were below and around him. Buildings great and small, all ornamented and adorned with sculptures; the towers of churches with their rich masonry; the tawdry wooden houses with their carvings and paint; the towers of castles and the colonnades of palaces, the minute, the vast, the massive, the great, the light. At first all was a chaos of buildings, but after a time the more prominent erections assumed their proper importance in the eyes of the spectator. Around him were twenty-one churches, within the small circle of the city; below him, in front of the cathedral, was

the Parvis, with its square, composed of fine old houses, into which three streets disgorged themselves; behind Notre Dame were the cloisters with their Gothic galleries; on the south, the palace of the bishop; to the east, the deserted spot called the Terrain; here and there were high buildings more profusely ornamented than others; and then at times a collection of people in a square; a pillory at the corner of a street; a piece of the fine pavement of Philippe Augustus. And lastly, towards the west, the Palace of Justice with its group of towers. All around, mixed with the lowliest and poorest houses, were the hotels of princes, beautiful and majestic abbeys, colleges, embattled towers and church steeples. Beyond the city walls there were already clusters of houses or stragglers seated in the fields; church towers and convents erected in villages were also observable in the distance."

Every great building in that old city was a mystery. It had as much under the earth as it had above it; deep, underground, secret places, that no man rightly understood. Cathedrals under cathedrals, prisons and sepulchres underneath palaces, galleries shooting out under the pavements of the busy streets. The spectator who looked upon the city saw only half of the picture. At the Bastille, the Palace of Justice, and the Louvre, there were subterranean prisons, where men, forgotten of their kind, were left to rot—buried alive in the middle of the earth, or shut up in the massive stone-work till the gibbet or the stake were ready. The romance of the middle ages has but little of benevolence and humanity in it, and these buried prisons, and the hangings, and floggings, and ear-croppings in the Grève, where the gibbet and the pillory were always kept, betokened the spirit of the times.

In 1420 the treaty of Troyes gave Paris into the hands of the English. The English kept possession of it for sixteen years, and then it fell once more to its original possessors, and French vengeance being aroused and French swords out of their scabbards, every one of the garrison perished. Francis I. improved the city, not only in an architectural but civil point of view. Before his time life and property were both insecure, even within the walls; and duels, and murders, and plunderings were the nightly doings of the time. In the religious wars of the sixteenth century Paris was the scene of a revolt against the troops of Henry III., known as the "day of the barricades." It was held by the Leaguers from 1585 to 1594, when it surrendered to Henry IV., under whose reign the entire suburb of St. Germain was rebuilt. In the days of Louis XIII. the Luxembourg and the Palais Royal were built, and the walls of the city so extended as to include nearly the whole of the present Boulevards. Yet the citizens of Paris had still to complain of their inefficient protection; for riots of one sort or other were matters of daily occurrence, and the students of the university played such mad pranks that they became an offence to all quietly disposed people—defying all authority and setting at naught the law.

Then came the days of the fourteenth Louis—the Great—the monarch of monarchs, the incarnation of the genius of his time—the Solomon of France. In him Paris found a friend and a patron, and he devoted much careful attention to the increase of the splendour and power of the city. Around him clustered the brightest luminaries of Europe: Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, Boileau, Turenne, Villiers, and Condé; in him French glory culminated and Paris basked in the light. What a contrast the succeeding reign afforded. The most culpable passions were fostered, and the most vicious propensities indulged; corruption was esteemed the fashion, and vice elegance. In vain the architect Soufflot restores St. Genevieve; in vain the Place de la Concorde presents its beautiful area; in vain my lords and my ladies, rouged, and powdered, and pomatumed, and smelling like a flower-garden, flirt in the splendid halls of Versailles; in vain the most brilliant repartees are uttered, and Boucher and Watteau present to us their "Fêtes Galantes," painted in rose-coloured boudoirs—all this is artificial and hollow, and the good old city of Paris finds no comfort in it; for her poorest districts have sunk into more abject wretchedness than ever, and her public streets are defiled with scenes of fantastic impiety and extravagant vice.

The history of Paris, from 1789 to the assumption of imperial power by Napoleon, is the history of the French Revolution. Every important scene in that great drama was enacted in the streets of the city. There the outbreak began when the surging crowd foamed and beat against the Bastille walls, and laughing at its stony strength razed it to the ground. There the terrible struggle went on, when the white lily had been trampled under foot and the red cap was raised on high, when royal heads had bowed to the knife, and might had triumphed over right. Paris streets literally ran with blood: its old houses, hospitals and churches, its prisons and its palaces, echoed to the wild songs of the daughters of the guillotine—jocular songs in praise of its inventor, Dr. Guillotin.

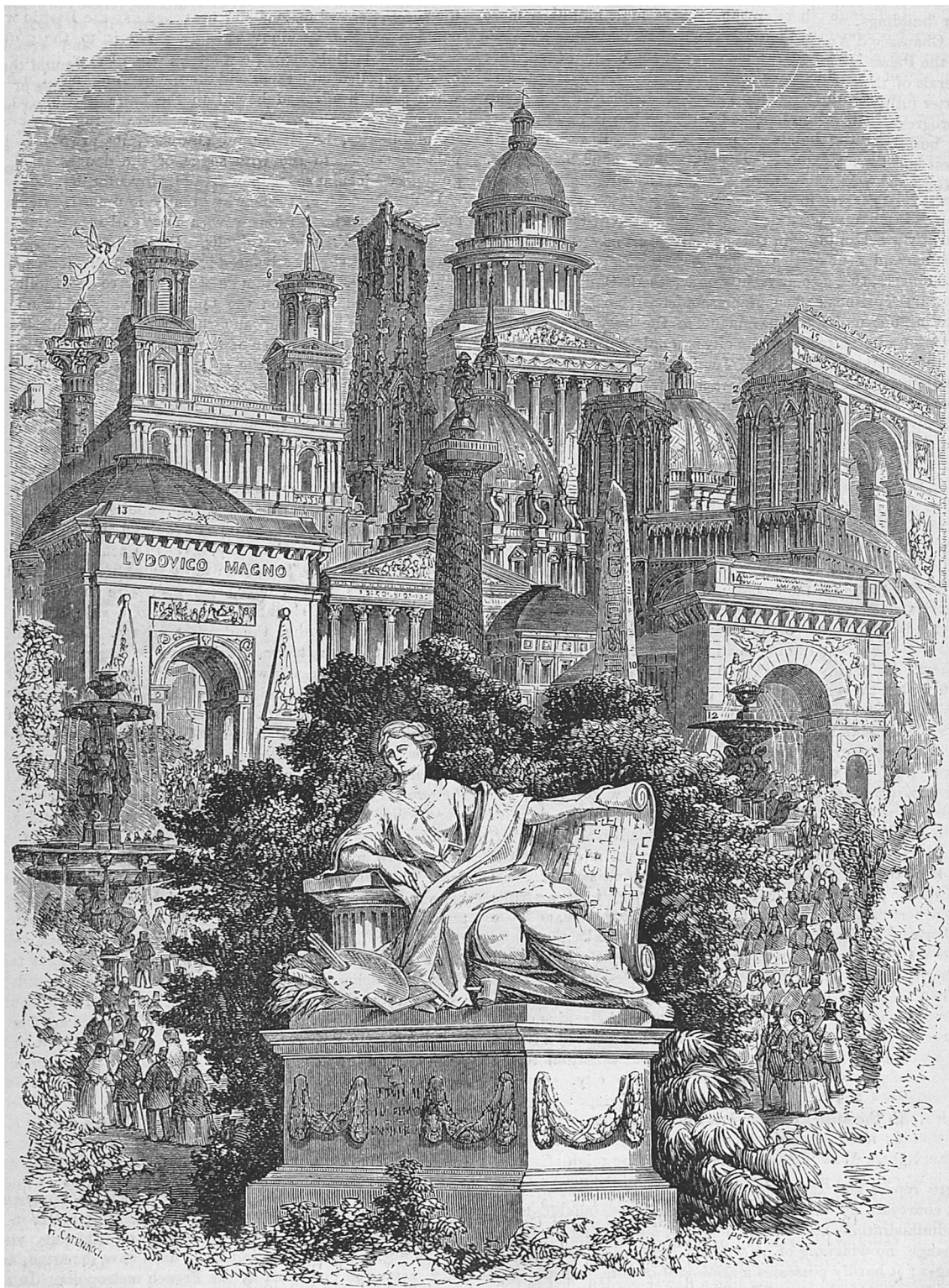
Under Napoleon, Paris was greatly improved. Scientific and benevolent institutions gave a new and interesting character to the French metropolis. Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. it slowly advanced; but since 1830, it has made rapid progress. The Column of July, the Arc de l'Etoile, and the Ministerial Hotel, on the Quay D'Orsay, vie in magnificence with the first European structures; while within the last few months the restoration of the Louvre, under M. Visconti, has materially added to the splendour of the Parisian architecture. At the same time, new pavements, bridges, markets, and public gardens show that nothing that can contribute to the health, convenience, and beauty of Paris has been neglected. But in the improvements thus effected, much of the old grandeur of the city has departed. Man and time have acted in concert to deface and mutilate the antique glory of Paris; time has done the least harm of the two, the greatest has been inflicted by a class of men who call themselves architects.

And now of the modern city. What a contrast is afforded by the first glance! There the most sumptuous hotels, brilliant equipages, riches, fêtes, fashions; here the dingy attic, poverty, privation, sickness, woe; on one side the highest opulence, on the other the deepest misery. The Faubourg St. Marceau, with its wretched alleys and miserable courts, contrasts most strangely with the Chaussée d'Antin; and the Faubourg St. Germain with the splendid hotels of the millionaires. Light and darkness are not more dissimilar than the contrasts which Parisian life exhibits—the filth and squalor, the taste and elegance, the misery and happiness—sudden as the *chiaroscuro* of a Rembrandt picture. See how the two classes, denizens of the same city, dwelling within a stone's throw of each other, go their several ways, and know nothing of each other's joys or sorrows. Even in the same house, how many phases of life are seen. Here the tradesman, busy all day long, is casting up his day's accounts while his shop is being closed, and the rich materials that have tempted many a lady, fain to open her purse, are stowed away; fairy-like muslins, light as the gossamer; costly silks, and satins, and velvets, of rainbow hues; transparent tarlatanes and delicate cashmeres. Above there is a grand ball going on; the *élite* of Paris are there doing due honour to Terpsichore on light fantastic toe. Graceful forms are floating in those gorgeous rooms, where the air seems heavy with the perfume, and the cheerful strains of music are borne upon the breeze. Above them still a man is working hard at some mechanical employment; and his wife, with her sad lacklustre eyes, is aiding him in his labour. There are six children in the room, the youngest of whom is crying bitterly, partly with hunger, for they have not tasted food all day, partly with weariness—it cannot sleep, the strains of music and the moving feet below awaken it before it has dozed a minute. And in the next room there is a corpse—the window has been partially thrust back, and a face, seamed with vice and misery more than age, peers in: that face knows the inside of every prison in Paris, and is bent on evil now. Then above them a group of young students, who are to be seen every day at the Hotel Dieu, are playing cards, and drinking, and smoking, and singing; and, above them still, a poor forlorn woman rocks her child to sleep, and counts the hours for her husband's coming. Just such strange anomalies as these are presented in a French print recently issued in Paris, and are to be met with frequently enough.



As in London, the most fashionable quarter of the city is at the west end, and the districts of an opposite character are mostly in the east and south. The city was originally divided

into four *quartiers*, but as it increased new allotments became necessary, though the old name was retained; and hence we find that there are at present forty-eight quarters. "Paris

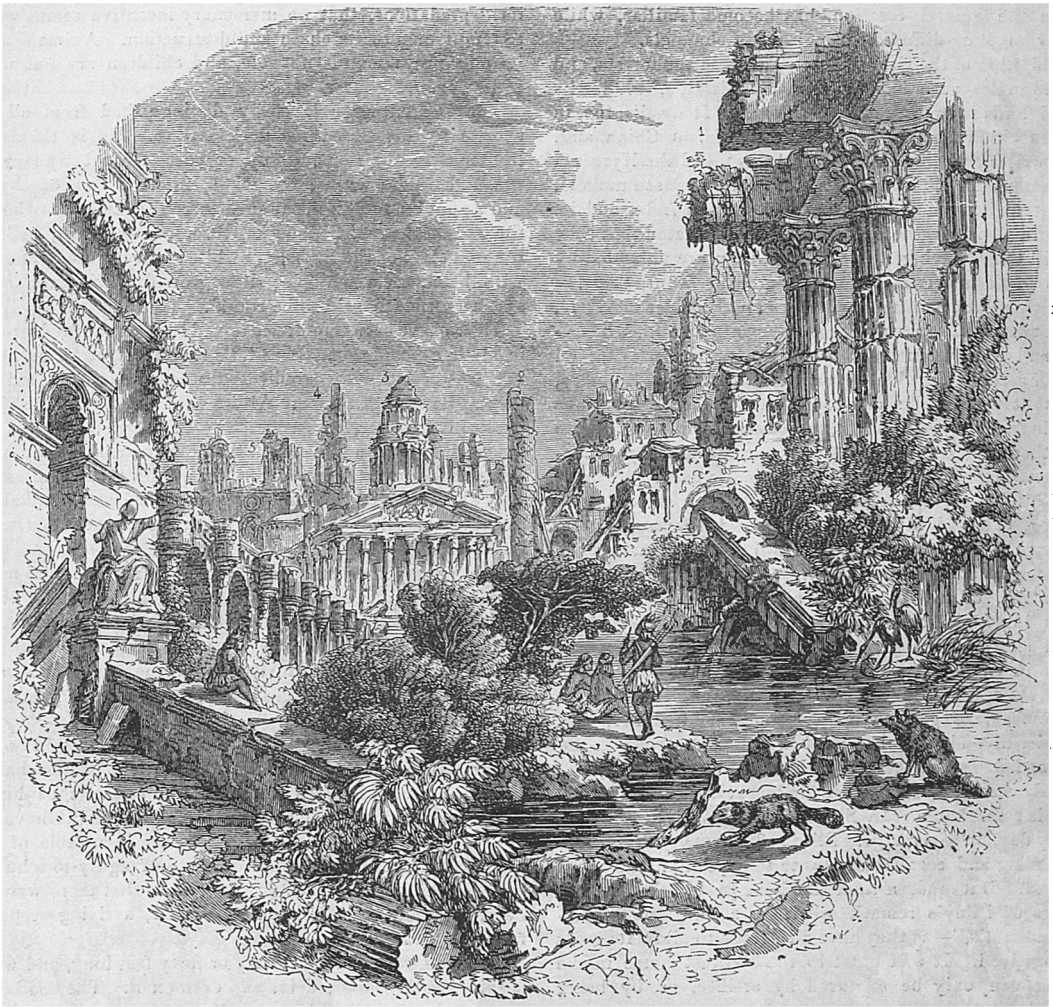


PARIS AS IT IS.

At the front the Art-Muse unrolls the plan for the completion of the Louvre. 1. Pantheon. 2. Cathedral of Notre Dame. 3. Hospital of the Invalides. 4. The Institute. 5. Tower of St. James la Boucherie. 6. St. Sulpice. 7. The Madeleine. 8. Column of Vendôme. 9. Column of July. 10. Obelisk of Luxor. 11. Louvais Fountain. 12. Fountain on the Place de la Concorde. 13. Gate of St. Denis. 14. Gate of St. Martin. 15. Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile, Fond Montmartre.

however," observes a modern author, "is divided into quarters as well by its manners as its laws; and these different districts differ as widely one from the other, in the ideas, habits, and appearance of their inhabitants, as in the height and size of their buildings, or the width and cleanliness of their streets. The Chaussée d'Autin breathes the atmosphere of the Bourse, and the Palais Royal is the district of bankers, stock-brokers, generals of the Empire, and rich tradespeople; and it is the quarter fullest of life, most animated, most rife with the spirit of progress, change, luxury, and elegance. Here are all the new buildings, arcades, and shops, and here are given the richest and most splendid balls. How different is the *quartier* St. Germain, the district of the long and silent street, of the

carried back to the customs of the Grand Hotels in the time of Louis XIII. Then there is the Faubourg St. Antoine, the residence of those immense masses that reigned under Robespierre, and whom Napoleon, after Waterloo, refused to summon to his assistance. And behold the ancient city of Paris, surrounded by the Seine and filled by a vast and wretched population; there, proud amid the sordid roofs around them, rise the splendid towers of Notre Dame, that temple of the twelfth century, which, in spite of the Madeleine, has not been surpassed in the nineteenth; there is the Hotel Dieu, the antique hospital, as old as the time of Phillipe Augustus, and the Palais de Justice, where sat the Parliament of Brousse remarkable in the chronicle of De Retz!"



PARIS IN RUINS.

1. The Madeleine. 2. Column of Vendôme. 3. Pantheon. 4. Tower of St. James. 5. Notre Dame. 6. Louvre.  
7. Bridge of St. Pères. 8. Pont Neuf.

meagre repast and the large, well-trimmed garden, of the great courtyard, of the broad and dark staircase, inhabited by the administrations and the old nobility, manifesting no signs of change, no widening of streets, no piercing of arcades or passages; it hardly possesses a *restaurant* of note, and has but one unfrequented theatre. Further east, on the same side of the Seine, is the *quartier* of the students, at once poor and popular, inhabited by those eloquent and illustrious professors who give to France its literary glory. Then there is the Marais, the retreat of the old-fashioned judges and merchants, where the manners have been changed almost as little as the houses by the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Here are no carriages, no equipages—all is still and silent—you are

Paris is, indeed, a giant city; and if it has lost somewhat of its ancient grandeur, it has obtained something better in its place. Once, indeed, it was a homogeneous Gothic city, such as Nuremberg or Vittoria; but those days have departed, and a new aspect is presented by the French metropolis. In the world's changes, Paris may presently be only a city of the past, and the imagination pictures the old capital in ruins, its streets deserted, and strewn with fragments of its architectural glory; Corinthian pillars are levelled and stately churches topple to their fall—another Palmyra—a city of the dead, by which the Seine still murmurs, and the reeds spring up on its margin, and the cry of the bittern is heard again. The work of man perishes: the work of God endures.